ted I never lived in. As I had artists all round me, it was not wonderful that I should have one for my "over-the-way." He was a tail, dark, sombre-featured young man, who might very well have had a drop of Spanish blood in his veins; and his wife, though without any striking beauty, was a sweet-faced little woman, a mere child, and evidently passionately d the first-floor front room, so I was able to command a good view of their movements from my post of observation—the window of my sitting-room on the second floor. The young man worked every day as long as the light held out, and then he and his little wife would issue forth, and when they came back from their walk he would generally be carrying a paper parcel, which I ventured to as-sume contained most likely some inexpensive delicacy for the tea-table. My neighbors were poor, there was no doubt about that, but they were certainly very happy. The husband's grave face would light up in listening to his wife's cheery prattle; and she, clinging to his arm and looking up in his face, seemed to call upon all the street to look at her happiness and to confirm her judgment that her husband was the finest fellow in all creation.

As the spring days lengthened out my neighbor's hours of labor lengthed. also. He made the most of every minute of light, and I noticed that he began to look pale from overwork. I could see him, as he sat before his canvas-a somewhat large one-and his wife, more often than not, would be sitting near him and reading aloud. At last there arrived one day a large gilt frame, so I concluded that the picture was finished. A few days afterward a four-wheeled cab was summoned, and the picture with difficulty was got inside. some difficulty was got inside. The painter mounted the box beside the cabman, and away they went. For the next three weeks or a month my friend took life much easier. From the domestic details which I observed I had reason to believe that breakfast over the way was rarely finished before 11, and the painter spent much of his time looking out of the window, pipe in mouth. He was troubled with very few visitors, but in these leisure days I noticed that a tall man with a limping walk called nearly every day. generally stopped an hour or more, and once I noticed him standing before a sketch of my neighbor's and seemingly criticising it, so I concluded he was a brother-artist. One morning I saw the painter leave

the house with a downcast air. He slammed the door violently behind him, and a look of mingled rage and despair sat upon his face. After an hour or two a cab drove up to the door. The painter descended from the box, and, with the cabman's help, dragged a large icture out of the cab and took it into the house.

For a month after this occurrence the house was almost a blank. I scarcely ever saw the painter or his wife. The former would sometimes come to the window and gaze into the street with a look of weary despair upon his face. The tall man, too, discontinued his isits. At last he appeared again, and this time he stopped nearly the whole afternoon. He must have been the bearer of good news, for the painter seemed quite himself again on the morrow. He set to work at his easel. At first I missed the figure of the little wife with her book open beside him; but my binocular soon informed me that she was seated before him on the platform, evidently posed for her portrait.

He worked with all his old energy

for a fortnight or so, till the portrait was done. Then it was brought forward and placed in the window, so that I easily get a view of it; and though I could see that it was a good likeness, I could see equally that it failed to display the principal charm of the sweet young face it represented. The look of youthful innocence was wanting. In a day or two's time a bandsome carriage drove up to the door, and a magnificently attired lady descended and went into the house. I could see her moving sbout in the room, criticising th picture from all points of view. painter's face was all aglow with pride and admiration of his work as he did the honors ; but the little wife came up to the window-I had not seen her so plainly for weeks-and looked out with very sad and hopeless eyes, and I fancied I could mark the traces of recent tears upon her pretty cheeks. The fine lady drove away, but very soon she returned, and a tall, handsome man with her, whom I judged to be her hus-band, and, on taking a comprehensive view of the studio, I discovered her seated on the platform, while the painter was sketching out her features

I felt genuine pleasure that my neighbor had at last gained a foothold on the ladder of fame; the only bitter drop was the blank, woebegone face of the young wife as she gazed out of the window, or trotted out—alone now—an

young wife as she gazed out of the window, or trotted out—alone now—on her housekeeping errands. Often during the sittings I marked the tall, handsome gentleman talking to her on the other side of the studio.

As soon as the lady departed the painter invariably removed the canvas from the easel and put in its place the portrait of his wife. Then he would ait down in front of this and gaze at it motionless in silent admiration. Once noticed that he started angrily from his seat, and a second glance showed me that his wife had thrown a cloth over her portrait and hidden it from

This little episode, I confess, puzzled This little episode, I confess, puzzled me considerably. I was in full course to construct a theory of love and jeal-ousy. The painter had fallen in love with his fair sitter, and the poor young wife's woe-begone face was an index of her jealous torment; but this could hardly be maintained when the artist seemed to long to get rid of the sitter, so that he might gaze in rapture at seemed to long to get rid of the sitter, so that he might gaze in rapture at his wife's portrait. Was he jealous of the tall, handsome gentleman? I ask nothing to justify such a conclusion. He rarely left the house; for, when the last vestige of daylight had faded, instead of going out as heretofore, with his wife on his arm, he would

dondays and Thursdays, and another in Tuesdays and Fridays. I noticed hat whenever any lady came for the irst time he would always exhibit to first time he would always exhibit to ber his wife's portrait, now placed on a handsome easel and draped with vel-vet, in the most favorable light. One day the lame man called, and this time he was accompanied by a

this time he was accompanied by a young woman, handsome, and of a fine presence, but poorly dressed. He did not stay more than five minutes, but the young woman remained behind and did not leave till evening. Then the street-door was opened for her by street-door was opened for her by good-bye with a touch of something warmer, I thought, than

friendly greeting.

The young wife mean time was seldom seen. Now and then her pale face appeared at the window, and on fine days she would go out languidly for a short walk. I could see she was being driven melancholy mad by her hus-band's treatment, for every day the fine, handsome girl came, and after staying three or four hours the painter would escort her to the door, laughing and joking as if there had been no misery under the roof.

The poor young woman soon grew worse, and I lost sight of her entirely. Then there appeared on the scene a stout middle-aged woman, evidently an attendant from a lunatic asylum, and it was four or five weeks before this woman took her departure. A few days after she had gone Simpson came in, and I bade him set to work at once to piece together the most fascinating set of "I at once determined," he began, when he looked in about a week later

to give me the result of his investigation, "that I must make my approach by getting into conversation with the pretty young wife. Pale and ill as she looks, she has been out every day. I discovered that the Broad Walk in Regent's Park was her favorite haunt, and by the time the poor little woman got so far she was always ready to sit down. I soon managed to open a conversation with her; for there is something in my appearance which always inspires women, and especially young ones, with confidence; and after a day or two I let her see that I knew something of the goings and comings and mysterious goings on generally in the house over the way.
"She started violently, and a flush of

color came over her pale face, but she said nothing. I could see, however, that the shot had told, and that she was burning to find some one she could trust to share with her the secret, the weight of which was bearing her to the ground. The next day I found her in the same place, evidently looking for my coming, and before we parted I had heard the solution of the mystery. This is it, as nearly as I can tell it, in her own words

" My husband is an artist, Vincent Rose by name. We have been married just two years, and, until a few months ago, we were very poor indeed. Fortune, however, came to us very suddenly, and now, after having nearly starved us, is giving us more than we want. My husband has already earned five hundred pounds this year. Of course I am glad that his genius is at last recognized, but I wish that the money was anywhere else rather than in his pocket, for there is a curse upon it-a curse which will, I am sure, de-

" During the days of our poverty I cannot tell you how happy we were. My husband made a little lustrations, and now and then sold a picture for a few pounds. Out of his earnings we always first put aside the rent and whatever he might want for materials, and then set to work to make the remainder go as far as possible in our housekeeping.

" There was no money to spare for models, so I used to sit to my husband in all sorts of costumes for his subjectpictures, but though he put his best work into these-work that would shame much that is done by men with famous names-he never sold one or managed to get one hung in any public exhibition. A dozen or more of them still stand piled against the wall. Now, I suppose, they will sell fast enough; but we are no longer poor, and the money, when it comes, will only increase my unhappiness.

" About six months ago my husband met in the studio of a friend of his a man named Bernard Zink. Though he drew very well himself, Zink was not an artist by profession. Many men were in the habit of sending for him to revise the composition of a picture, for he had a wonderful eye for grouping and effect. Sometimes he would touch the outline of a face, and he would never fail to leave a strange and subtle, yet most lifelike, expression—an ex-pression which no after-work by another hand could obliterate. It was understood that Zink expected a good fee for his service, so there was little chance that my husband would ever call

him in professionally.
... Therefore it was rather a surprise to me to find him one day in the studio standing before one of my husband's historical pictures, and offering various criticisms and suggestions on the treatment of the subject. He greeted me with cringing, overacted politeness. and when he went away he swept aside, with a benevolent wave of the hand. my husband's murmured suggestion as

to payment for his advice. "" To you, my dear sir," he said, "I shall always be ready to give my best counsel, and I shall ask no better reward than to come and have a chat with you sometimes when the light fails. We must see if we can't get to the bottom of that strange story. Some people would call me a madman, but I see that you have the true philosophic faculty for sifting evidence. Perhaps we will give the world a surprise some

day." As soon as Zink was gone I the strange story he had alluded to. Vincent laughed, a little uneasily I true daughter of Eve, and all I could get him to tell me was that Zink was really a little mad on some subjects. He had been reading Cornelius Agrippa and other books dealing with occuit knowledge, and he believed himself to be on the high-road to the discovery of some of the great problems which had baffled the great masters. He was a very amusing fellow, however, and the hints he gave were really very valuablequite worth the price of having to listen to his fancies for an hour or two.

" After this first visit Zink often came, and I must say at first I was very glad that Vincent had found some one to chat with and shake off the worry of work for a time; but, after a little, I began to notice that the two always appeared embarrassed when I came into the room. They would begin to talk about some commonplace matter, and I never heard a whisper of

some hours, and I did not see him, as I was busy up-stairs. When I came down, however, I noted at once a strange change in my husband's manner. He was nervous and excited. His pale cheeks were flushed, and a strange wild light shone in his eyes. He swallowed two or three glasses of water at our midday meal, but scarcely ate a morsel, and was in a great hurry for me to finished elser the room. As soon as this and clear the room. As soon as this was done he told me that he wanted me to sit to him at once for my portrait in my every-day dress, just as

" I was a little disturbed at his excited, impatient manner; but it was a relief to find him ready to get back to his work, for since he had been so intimate with Zink he had scarcely touched a canvas. He kept on, almost without intermission, till dark. The next day he was working without intermission till noon. Then he let me get down for a quarter of an hour to eat a mouthful of food, but he himself took nothing. He painted all the afternoon till the dusk came, then he threw himself into an easy chair and fell asleep from sheer exhaustion.

" I noticed on his painting-table something which I had never seen before-and this was a small vial of clear glass, containing a bright amber-colored liquid. In mixing the colors for my picture he used occasionally a few drops of this medium. Somehow or other I could not help associating this vial with the unwonted excitement which had possessed him all day, and I was seized with curiosity to examine it. I took it up and removed the stopper, and, to my amazement, the vial grew quite hot in my hand, the fluid began to effervesce, and a pusgent but not unpleasant odor rose from it. I hastily replaced the stopper, and then the bottle gradually became cool again.

... For four or five days my husband worked at my picture so hard that I felt sure he would injure his health. On the very day, almost at the very moment, when it was finished Zink entered the room. He was enthusiastic in his praise of it, and predicted a brilliant future for Vincent. I had never liked the man, but that day my aversion to him rose to positive hatred. I cannot say I was quite satisfied with the portrait. It was marvellously like me, and the treatment masterly all through, but there was a on the face, especially about the eyes which I am sure mine never

wore. It was a subtle, half-cruel, halfwanton smile, such as one sees in the eyes of a portrait of a lady painted by some great Italian-" La Gioconda,' think it is called. But with my husband it was quite different. From the moment that the picture was finished he could not keep his eyes off it. In gazing at it he seemed to forget my existence. Often I missed him from my side at night, and, on stealing down to the studio, I found him with a lighted amp, sitting as if in a trance before the canvas.

" I cannot describe the distress I felt at this strange change. It was not merely that my self-love was wounded and the promise of my life blighted. The impending weight of some indefinable calamity seemed to crush me. I dreaded some evil I could neither describe nor define. How I grew to hate that baleful picture before which he would sit for hours! I should have been less unhappy even if I had discovered that he loved another woman. " On Zink's recommendation a lady

of high rank came to see the picture, and so much was she taken with it that she gave my husband at once a commission to paint her portrait. She was a handsome, gracious lady, but he treated her with a sullen reserve, and all the time she was sitting to him I could see that he was only thinking of the moment when he should remove her picture from the easel and sit down before the accursed figure of myself.

"The lady was fairly well pleased declared, the wonderful and mysterious charm which the painter had been able to throw into the eyes and mouth of his wife's picture. Three or four other ladies called, and all of them, as soon as they saw my portrait, arranged with my husband to sit to him. He painted them in the same perfunctory way as the first. The portraits were fairly good, but the nameless charm which they found in my picture we wanting in all of them.

" Suddenly the idea struck me that the use of that strange liquid in the little vial might have enabled him to throw that glamour and expression into my eyes and mouth. Then I remembered that Vincent had used the last drop of the medium in giving the final touch to my eyes, and I felt almost convinced that my notion, wild as in was, was not altogether visionary. I asked him one day where he had procured the liquid, and why he did not get some more of it, but my question threw him into a violent rage, and he bade me brutally to mind my own af-

" Zink continued his visits, but he never stopped for a chat with Vincent now. My husband seemed to know his ring at the bell, and he would leave his work and rush out of the room, quivering with excitement to open the door, and more often than not I never saw the visitor. After a few minutes' talk outside. Vincent would return with all his excitement quelled, and a look of

weary despair upon his face.
"He was so much occupied with his portraits that he had no time for work on subject pictures. One day, however, I found him busy setting out a large canvas for what seemed an alle-gorical work. Zink called that aftersoon and stayed some time. In their whispered conversation I heard him mention my name; but my husband frowned and shook his head. I wondered why, and I was not long kept in

" Vincent now rarely spoke to me save when he wanted something, so it was rather a surprise when he told me next morning that he was going to begin a fresh picture for the next Academy, and that Zink was going to bring him a model to sit for the principal figure. I glanced at the canvas on which the design was roughly sketched out, and saw that the central figure was that of a woman.

" About noon Zink came, bringing with him the model. She was a fine, tall woman, of quiet, gentle manners, and very simply dressed. In other days my husband would have asked me to sit, but I knew that in the strange mood which had come over him any remonstrance from me would be worse than useless, so I held my peace.

light was beginning to fade, and my eyes fell at once upon her. I started back, and a deadly faintness overcame me; for upon her face was the self-same unholy, mysterious smile. The eyes were quick with the same suggestive baleful light which pervaded my own picture, only here they glowed in flesh and blood, and not upon the inanimate canvas.

frowning brow. As the clock struck 5 the woman rose to go. She put on her bonnet and left the room, merely bidding me good afternoon, and saying to Vincent that she would return at the same hour to-morrow. He left off same hour to-morrow. He left off work immediately, and his eyes never left her face as long as she remained in the room. That night he never turned to my portrait, which stood on a show easel by the window; but he lay on the sofa in a half-dozing state all the ". The next day his work grew very

slowly under his hands, and whenever

I happened to look toward him his eyes were fixed in fascinated regard upon the face of the model. Strange to say, I felt no jealousy. I knew that the spell which bound him was never the love of a mortal woman; but something more awesome and mystical—some force with-out a name, which had equally held him to the worship of a square of painted canwhich Zink had gained over him. Often when lying awake at night, I used to wonder whether the man might not have solved some of these secrets of nature and probed the depths of those dim abysses which still mock the searchings of our men of science. Of one thing I was wellnigh certain-that his hand worked the charm which had mastered my husband's senses and made him the slave of that witch-like smile On the day of the second sitting Zink never appeared. That night I went to bed physically and mentally exhausted, so that I fell at once a heavy sleep in spite of the trou-ble which molested me. Suddenly I started up, shaken in a second out of the profoundest slumber into the keenest state of utter wakefulness. The silence and darkness were both intense. but my senses of hearing and sight strained their utmost to make the black stillness give up its secret, and some wild vision swept before my eyes, and my ears drank in some faint sounds, which in the darkness were terrific enough as I rose from my bed and

lighted a candle. " Vincent was not in the room, and the door stood ajar. I could no longer endure the solitude, so I hastily put on some clothes, with the intention of descending to the studio. Our bedroom was at the top of the house, and as I neared the studio door I saw that it was open. There was a light inside, and I could hear the sound of voices speaking

" In a moment I quenched my light and stole noiselessly into the room. Just inside the door stood a large screen; and passing behind this I was able to hear all that was said, and, by peering through a crevice, to see my husband and Zink seated in front of th two portraits, my own and that of the model. The one dim candle on the table made only a faint circle of light, and in this were framed the visages of the two men; Vincent's pale and haggard, every muscle strained as if in obedience to some intense passion whether of fear or longing; and Zink's calm and indifferent, with a look of cupning malice in his sunken eve.

". " He cannot let you have it. will not let you have it except on these terms," he said, "and, to tell you the truth. I scarcely dare ask him.' ... But he let me have it once, and

I will give him any price he likes to ask

except-"
Bah!" said Zink, with a threatening frown, "but you know your own business best. Try how you can get on without it. Look at your wife's portrait, and see how you gave a ren-dering of a pretty, simple face in a way that proclaims you a genius, but then you had the essence to help you. Now look at the attempt you have made without it, to catch the expression on your model's face. Can anything be more pitiful? And yet that woman's face is all aglow with that marvellous spirit-fire which you kindled in your vife's eyes without seeing it. My poor with her portrait, but it wanted, she Vincent, you are a genius when you declared, the wonderful and mysterious paint with the essence, but only then."

" " Never mind, I will try again and sgain. It is impossible that I should see that face before my eyes every moment, waking or sleeping, without being able to catch the spirit of it sooner or later." " " You forget your model can only

give you twe more sittings. He wants her elsewhere." " " What, is she, too, under his

orders?" " . " Yes, but his rule is very light. very light, indeed, as you will find, my dear fellow, when you have signed this agreement." And as he spoke Zink pushed a paper toward my husband and handed him a pen.

" Vincent sat for some time silent. " " No," he said at last; " and yet I have got two days. I cannot believe my hand is paralyzed. Come back on Friday night; but, Zink, do help me in this. Help me to get the essence without paying such a terrible price."
""Zink did not answer. I heard

him move toward the door as I stole out of the room and regained my bedchamber. Vincent did not come back, and I found him when I went down to breakfast with another canvas all ready to start his picture afresh. The model came, and he worked all day long at her face with despairing industry. I was in the room when she left, and she said, in her low and gentle voice, that after to-morrow she would

be engaged elsewhere.
"I went out soon after, as my head was throbbing with fevered excitement, and I felt as if my brain would burst unless I got into the air, leaving Vincent sitting before his canvas in the deepest dejection. When I came back, after about an hour, the studio was empty, the easel overturned, the canvas torn and trampled upon, and the painted face blurred out of all recognition. Then I knew that despair had conquered, and that the tempter, when he should return, would find an easy prey. To-night he will come, and the strings of the infernal net which this man-fiend and his familiar had woven will be knotted securely over my un-happy husband's breast.'
"Here the young woman paused,"

Simpson said, "and I sat for some seconds lost in wonder at this strange revival of the infernal temptation on the good old model in a commonplace London street. Presently I turned to address a question to the poor creature, and lo! she was gone. I went the whole length of the Broad Walk, but could see nothing of her. I suppose you did not mark her return. If I were you I should sit up all night and watch for the coming of Mephisto in the per-son of Mr. Bernard Zink."

Simpson then took his leave, and it ". My husband set to work at the picture, and by night had sketched the woman's head. I had been busy all day, and had never noticed her face closely; but it happened that I came into the room suddenly, just as the into the room suddenly, just as the into the room suddenly, just as the come when I want it, must have mastered me, for I was suddenly awakened the rushing of feet, and the rumble and clatter of wheels. I looked out of the window, and saw that the house over the way was in flames.

The firemen were soon at work, but,

lutionary war. I have dwelt somewhat at length on this Gazette and its pubthough the engines did their best, it was clear that the flames would have their way till the last remnant of the house was consumed. A fire escape and much oftener than before, but the sine, in spite of Mr. Zink's animate canvas.

Cheerful conversation, Vincent was growing more and more depressed and cor. My neighbor had evidently become a fashionable portrait-painter all a rule did not stop more than five mi-

huge burst of flame rushed from the first-floor windows. For a second my vision was dazzled by the awful brilliance; but the moment after, when my eyes cleared, I saw plainly two figures, apparently unharmed, issue from the burning room and float downward out of sight amid the grovelling wreaths of smoke. The face of one of them was the face of Zink, now radiant with triumph and malice. With his right hand be grasped lightly the arm of the other, who turned away his face as in an agony of shame and remorse, but the figure I recognized at once as that of the ill-starred painter.

The Pioneer Press of Virginia. To the Editor of the Dispatch ;

In May and September, 1882, I contributed several articles to your paper regarding " The Pioneer Press of There was then some confusion as to the number of Gazettes published in Virginia prior to the Revolution, which I believe I am now able to clear away, at least to some extent. I. The Verginia Gazette, the Govern-

ment organ, was published at Williamsburg by William Parks from August 6, 1736, to his death. Parks "was born and bred to printing in England."
As early as 1727 he had established a press at Annapolis, Maryland. "He was printer to the governments of Mary land and Virginia, and each colony paid him a salary of two hundred pounds per annum in country produce." "About the year 1733 he left Annapolis and made Williamsburg, Va., his home. On the 23d of March, 1750, he embarked in one of the trading ships for England. Soon after the vessel sailed, he was seized with pleurisy, which terminated his life on the 1st of April of that year. His remains were carried to England, and interred at Gosport." The Gazette was then discontinued for a time; but in February, 1751, its publication was resumed by William Hunter, Sr., and continued by him until his death, in August, 1761. The following extract from the Pedigree of the Hunter Family, I think, will enable us to understand more clearly the history of this Gazette:

Andrew Hunter, a brother to *Drs. John and William Hunter, of London, of the Hunters of Hunterton, County Ayr, Scotland,) who may be called the Ancestor of Virginia Editors, had issue, at least one son and two daughters. connected with the press-viz. :

1. "William Hunter, Sr., born in Virginia, and probably served his apprenticeship with Parks, whom he suc ceeded in 1751. He printed for the House of Burgesses and published the Virginia Gazette. He had a relation, who was paymaster to the troops in America, by whose influence he was appointed Deputy Postmaster General with Franklin for the colonies which office he held during life. He died in August, 1761, leaving a son, about seven years of age, named William Hunter, Jr., the heir to the Vir ginia Gazette."

2. Elizabeth, daughter of Andrew Hunter aforesaid, married John Holt. He was born in Virginia in 1721; was mayor of Williamsburg: moved to New York prior to 1760; editor and bookseller; printer to the State of New York : postmaster of the city of New York in 1775, &c. He died 30th January, 1784. I am very sure that he was the father of John Hunter Holt, editor of the Virginia Gazette, at Norfolk, in 1775. (See Gazette IV.) 3. Rosannah, daughter of Andrew

Hunter, aforesaid, [she was born in Virginia 21st February, 1739, died in Richmond and buried in old St. John's church-yard 5th April 1790,] married first, Joseph Royle, Esq., " who succeeded his brother-in-law William Hunter, Sr., in August, 1761. Royle was bred to printing in England, and had for several years been a foreman in Hunter's printing-house. He printed for the Government, and continued the William Hunter, Sr., bequeathed to him £1,000 currency on ondition that he would continue the business for the joint interest of him-self (Royle) and his (Hunter's) infant son, whose name was William." Royle died early in 1766, before his nephew became of sge. "Alexander Purdie opened his press upon Royle's death and printed Gazettes from March, 1766." "Alexander Purdie was born in Scotland, and there brought up to printing. He continued the business at Williamsburg after the death of Royle, for the benefit of Royle's widow, young Hunter, and himself, under the firm-name of 'Alexander Purdie & Company.' On the 1st of January, 1767, Mrs. Rosanna (Hunter) Royle

was married (secondly) to Colonel John Dixon, of Lilliput, and a partnership was formed between him and Purdie, and the firm 'Purdie & Dixon' continued to publish the Virginia Gazette until early in 1775, when young William Hunter, Jr., became of age and received his inheritance. From 1775 (the price in 1775 was 12s. 6d. per annum) to December, 1778, this Gazette was continued by John Dixon and William Hunter, Jr. under the firm name of Dixon & Hunter. "Hunter was a Royalist, joined the British standard and eventually left the country," probably in 1778. From 1779 to 1781 and possibly still later, the Gazette was continued by "Dixon & Nicholson," then by "Dixon & Holt," and afterwards by John Dixon alone. Dixon removed his press to Richmond (the exact date is not known to me); he died there in May, 1791, and is buried in old St. John's churchyard. He left several children; his eldest on, Colonel John Dixon, Jr., of Rich. mond, was born in Williamsburg 18th December, 1768; died at Richmond, Va., 2d May, 1805; succeeded his father as printer to the Commonwealth; charter member of Richmond Randolph Lodge, No. 19, Ancient York Masons; memher of and printer to the Grand Lodge. and received a silver medal from M. M. Ledge No. 19 in 1800. On the 25th August, 1792, he married Sarah (she died 22d December, 1807), daughter of Josiah Valentine, Esq., of Richmond, and - Egé, his wife, of Princess Anne county. Much of the above in-formation is derived from a brief history of the Dixon family, in manuscript, re cently lent to me by a friend. Colonel John Dixon, of Lilliput, who married the widow Royle, was at first a planter. He was the son of George Dixon, Esq., of London, and came to Virginia about 1745 with his brothers Samuel and Holderby. Samuel was a Royalist, and returned to England in 1776. Holderby was also Royalist, but he remained in Virginia. He married Miss Garland, of Garland Hill, Hanover county, and died in 1805, sine prole. Mrs. Rosanna Dixon was also a Royalist, and we have seen her nephew, William Hunter, Jr., was also. Yet, notwithstanding these family surroundings and his connection with the old Government organ, Colonel John Dixon himself was an ardent patriot, and served Virginia faithfully with his

* William Hunter (1718-1783) was a cele-brated physician and surgeon; but his younger brother. John Hunter (1728-1793), was anys Chembers, "the greatest name in the combined character of physiologist and surgeon that the whole annals of medicine can furnish." The relationship of these re-markable men (and of the Ballilea &c...) to the organ of our cotonial government is especially interesting.

press and in the field during the Revo-

lishers because it was the first paper published in Virginia.

II. The Virginia Gazette—" Open to All Parties," &c., "The Organ of the People"—was published at Williamsburg by William Rind from May, 1766, to his death, August 19, 1773. The paper was continued by his widow, Clementina Rind. On the 13th of April, 1774, she gave a bill of sale of the press, type, materials, &c., of the Virginia Gazette to John Blair, Robert Miller, James Southall, and John Tazewell, with John Pinkney and Joseph Morrow as witnesses; but it seems evi dent that the paper was continued by her, or in her name, until her death. On the 27th of May, 1774, Colonel William Cabell paid Mrs. Rind 12s. 6d. for one year's Gazette. ending 26th August, 1774"; and on the 13th of June, 1775, Colonel William Cabell paid Jacob Bruce 13s. 9d. for Thomas Jopling, being due the late Mrs. Rind for her Gazette to the 22d of September, 1774," about which time she died. "John Pinkney was the successor to Mrs. Rind, and probably was previously her partner." In 1775 Messrs. Blair, Miller, &c., transferred the title to the press, &c., to him. He continued the Gazette certainly until April 12, 1776, "and did other printing after the war began, but

died at Williamsburg soon after that event "-possibly in 1776, as I have later reference to him than April 12th in that year. The price of this Gazette had been 12s. 6d. per annum, but late in 1775 it was reduced III. The firm of Pardie & Dixon being dissolved on the coming of age of William Hunter, Jr., Mr. Alexander Purdie certainly in April, 1775, if not before, began to publish on his own account another Virginia Gazette at 10s. per annum. Purdie was appointed postmaster at Williamsburg, and continued to print there, where he died in 1779. He was evidently succeeded in 1778 by John Clarkson and Augustine Davis Clarkson was his nephew, and Davis, who was born in Yorktown, had been

taught printing by him. Davis afterwards moved his press to Richmond. 1V. In 1774 John Hunter Holt had established a press in Norfolk, Va., where he published several books, and also a very patriotic Virginia Gazette. In the fall of 1775 Lord Dunmore sent a squad of soldiers and sailors ashore, who, under cover of the guns of the ships, carried off Holt's printing establishment, together with two of his workmen. Holt then went to Williams. burg, where he had formerly resided, and "published in the Williamsburg papers an eloquent philippic against Dunmore, and a patriotic advertisement stating his intention to establish a new press to be conducted on the same principles as that which had been de-

Summary for 1775: I. Was published from January 1 to December 31, 1775.

II. Was published from January 1 to December 31, 1775.

traved."

III. Was published from April to IV. Was published from January

to October, 1775. From April to October, 1775, there were four Gazettes published in Virginia. N. B .- William Goddard, who was a

printer in Baltimore, Maryland, from 1773 to 1792, is said to have loaned a press and type to George Richards, who first published a newspaper in Richmond. Va. Who was this George Richards, and when was this paper first published? I will be very much obliged to any who will be kind enough to answer these questions. ALEXANDER BROWN.

DAGGER'S, September 2, 1886. To the Editor of the Dispatch :

The widespread earthquake of the night of August 31st, so far north of the tropics, has suggested to my mind that by telegraphic communication may have had something to do with it. The general spread seemed from east to west, and was most severe in the cities-those along railroads, principally, with telegraphic communication, were most violently shocked. The earth is a great magnet, and the principal telegraphic connections run east and west at right angles with it. A few days ago five or six cities in Greece were said to have been destroyed by an earthquake. I throw out this as a mere suggestion to scientists.



Absolutely Pure. This powder, never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in caus. ROYAL BAKING-POWDER COMPANY, see Wall street, New York. no 30-dawly

A FIRST-CLASS THREE-MASTED SCHOONER FOR SALE,

THE SCHOONER ANNIE WALLACE. now lying in the harbor of Norfolk. This Schooner is well built of the best timber, and is suitable for trade on the rivers in Eastern Virginia and on the Chesapeake bay. Her capacity is about three thousand bushels of grain. She is also suitable for shipping lumber. She may be seen near the Eerkley Flats.

Apply to

JOHN T. GRIFFIN, JOHN B. JENKINS, WILLIAM W. OLD, au 15-ts

Trustees.

TO BE RAFFLED .- THE HAND-SOME RANGE donated by the Richmond Stove Company to the ladies of M. Patrick's church, which had to be left over until the necessary amount was realized on It, will be RAFFLED on MONDAY NIGHT, Eeptember 6th, at 8 o'clock, and any persons who have invested on It and wish to see for themselves are welcome at No. 313 Louisiana street.

PASTURAGE. SUPERIOR PASTURAGE, WITH SHADE-TREES AND RUNNING WA-TER.—Horses and Colis taken at reasonable rates. Excellent arrangements can be made for wintering stock.

made for wintering stock.
C. B. GWATHMEY, Ashland, Va.; or,
CARTER & RYLAND, Richmond,
se 3-F.su, Tu&Th4t REMOVAL.

R E M O V A L.—JOHN LATOUCHE HAS REMOVED TO NO.

905 HANK STREET,
NEXT TO THE CORNER OF NINTH,
NEW SPRING GOODS—LATEST STYLES;
WELL MADE.

JAMES PYLE'S

SAVESTIME, LABOR and SOAP

value to housekeepers. Sold by all Grocers, but see that vile COUNTERFEITS are not urred upon you. PEARLINE is the ONLY SAFE ARRICLE, and ALWAYN bears the name of JAMES PYLE, New York.

[jy 4-eodlyip]

AUCTION SALES-Future Days.

By Leigh Brothers & Phelps, Auctioneers,

Norfolk. Va

at 12 M, the following property—to All that certain railroad known as MEHERRIN-VALLEY RAILROAD.

other freight.

The charter provides for the extension of the road from Hichsford, Va., through the counties of Brimswick and Mecklenours to Carksville, Va. and the company possesses other valuable franchises and coa-

TERMS: Cash as to one third of the pur-

est from day of sale, secure of the property.
For further information address the trustees, at Norfolk and Foresmouth, Va.
THEOPORE S. GARNETT,
LEGH R. WATTS.
Trustees Merherrin-Valley Railroad Com-

LETON BROTHERS & PHELPS, Auctioneers.

Real Estate Agent and Auctioneer.

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF "SHRUB.

IONDAY, SEPTEMBER, 27TH, 1888.

By H. L. Staples & Co.,

Real Estate Agents and Auctioncers,

TRUSTEE'S AUCTION SALE OF

A VALUABLE FARM OF 185 ACRES ABOUT THREE AND A HALF MILES FROM MANUAESTER.—By virtue of a deed of trust from Ogden Cole, dated June 5, 1884, recorded in Chesterded County Court, Deed-Book 70, page 136, default

o. 1884, recorded in Chesterfield County Court, Deed-Book 70, page 136, default having been made in the payment of one of the notes thereby seared, and being so re-quired by the beneficiary, I shall sell by auction, on the premises, on

REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE NAME

VIRGINIA-IN LUNENBURG

IN CHANCERY.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

CIRCUIT COURT OF MADISON COUNTY IN VACATION 10TH AUGUST, 1888.—
Robert II, Aylor, Thomas V, Fry and Octavia his wife, John W, Aylor, William A,
Bickers and Anna his wife, Herbert J, Ay-

with the evidence needed said accounts and accounts. Given under my hand as commissioner of Madison Circuit Court the day and year above written. F. M. McMULLAN. au 15-Su4t Commissioner.

MATCH MACHINERY, &c.

MATCH MACHINERY FOR SALE.

ARTIST SUPPLIES.

BEST ASSORTMENT SOUTH OF
Philadelphia at low figures.
PAINTERS' and FINISHERS' SUPPLIES. BINSWANGER & CO.,
au 11-1m 210 cast Broad street.

By N. W. Bows

FOR SALE,

BEST COMPOUND WASHING AND CLEANING IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER Without Harm to FABRIC or HANDS.

Comfort, Vs., by public suction, on THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7. 1886, unless previously sold at private sale. At great cost Mr. Harrison Phoebus made "The Hygeis" the most famous of American botels. It is first-class in every respect and in all of its appointments. By reason of its locality and other advantages it stands without a rival in the United States. It has rooms for one thousand guests. It is fornished most elaborately in all of its departments with the best and latest styles of furniture. The buildings are in complete order; the drainage and sewerage not to be excelled.

Persons wishing to purchase will visit and inspect the premises; to such the fullest information in all its details will be given. Tasms: One fourth in cash; the balance in four equal annual payments bearing increast from the day of sale; the deformed payments to be sufficiently secured. A deposit of \$10.000 will be required on the day of sale; thirty days will be allowed in which comply with the learns of sale, whom presents on \$10.000 will be required on the day of the property, they reserve the right to reject the same. The executors are authorized to receive private bids for this property.

Figure 18 of \$10.000 will be required to the property, they reserve the right to reject the same. The executors are authorized to receive private bids for this property.

Figure 18 of \$10.000 will be required to \$10.000 will be \$10.000 will be required to \$10.000 will be resecutors as authorized to receive private bids for this property.

Figure 20. The wooders and Augustoness and Augustoness

AUCTION SALES-Pature Days.

This CELEBRATED HOTEL, with its PHANCHISES, FURNITURE, and AP-PAREL, will be offered for sale at Old Point Comfort, Va., by public auction, on THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1886,

HYGEIA HOTEL FOR SALE.

By Sutton & Co., Real Fstate Agents and Auctioneers. THE MEHERRIN-VALLEY RAILROAD. 1108 Main street. By virtue of a deed of trust from the Me By virtue of a deed of truss from the an-herrin-Valley Bailroad Company to the un-dersigned trustees dated the 12th day of lecember, 1885, dnly recorded, and at the request of the creditors therein secured, we will self at public auction at the auction-house of Leigh Brothers & Phelps, in Nor-folk, Va., on TUESDAY, October 8, 1886.

TRUSTEES' AUCTION SALE OF THAS COFFEES AND ELEGANT STORE-FIXTURES, SMALL SAFE &cby virtue of a certain deed of trust from V. Hall & Co. to the undersigned trustees, dated June 21, 1886, and duly recorded, we will sell the balance of the STOCK, FIXTURES, &c., on ES. &c., on TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1886,

at 10 o'clock A. M., at the store No. 424 north Sixth street. C. H. SUTTON. D. M. HALL.

Peal Estate Agents and Auctioneers, 1113 cast Main street, Richmond, Va

DUBLIC AUCTION SALE

VIRGINIA TOWING COMPANY'S PRO-PERTY AND ALL ITS FRANCHISES. By virtue of a deed of trust to the under

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7TH. at 12 o'clock M., all the RIGHTS, FRAN-CHISES, and PROPERTY of said Compa-

The property consists of FOUR EXCELLENT TUG-BOATS-

to wit:

1. TUG ARCTIC.—Engine 22 by 22 inches, adjustable cut-off; boiler 8 by 14 feet, made in 1883. Fas four flues two twive inches, and two eight inches and forty eight 3-inch return fubes; twofurnaces 3 by 7 feet; lighthall surface condenser 6 by 3 feet by 4 feet 7 inches; combined (Blaze) air and circulating pump; Korting injector to feed boiler, copper connections; wooden huil 76 feet long, 178 feet beam, 9 feet draft; coal-bunker capacity, 22 tons under decks; boiler and engine by Neaple & Levy, Philadelphia. 2 TUG VULCAN.—Engine 20 by 20 inches

MONDAY, SEFTERBEI, 277H, 1886, at 12 o'clock M., the well-known FARM above referred to. The improvements are a sood BRICK DWELLING, covered with side, with eight rooms beades ceilar, and all the usual out-houses.

There are THIKE HUNDRED AND SEVEN ACRES, of which about 125 acres are in wood. The soil is good, and this is recognized as the best farm in that section.

DECREE L. CHRISTIAN, FRANK W. CHRISTIAN.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1886. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1856,
at 12 o'clock M., all that certain TRACT OF
LAND, with the improvements thereon,
and all rights and ways appurtenant thereto, lying in the county of Chesterileid, State
of Virginia, and containing 185 ACKEN, be
the same more or less, it being the same
tract of land which was conveyed to Ogden
Cole by Samuel Haistend.
TERMS: Enough in cash to defray the expenses of sale and to pay off a note of \$1,060
due September 30, 1885, with interest until
paid, and upon the following credits: \$1,120, payable September 30, 1885; \$1,180, payable September 30, 1885; \$1,180, payable September 30, 1887; and the residue
should there be any upon terms to be announced at the time of sale.

H. L. STAPLES,
au 27 By J. Thompson Brown & Co., Real Estate Agents and Auctioneers, 1113 Main street.

PRUSTEE'S SALE OF A TRACT TRUSTEE'S SALE OF A TRACT OF LAND AND IMPROVEMENTS IN CUMBERLAND COUNTY-IMPROVEMENTS IN COTHER TO CONSIST OF HOTEL STABLES, OUT-HOUSES, &c., &c. —By write of a deed of trust to the undersigned, dated 15th of June, 1877, executed by J. Robinson, and recorded in Cumberland County Court on the 5th of February, 1878, and whereas default has been made, and being required so to do, I will sell at Cumberland Courthouse on

on MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1886, at 12 o'clock M., that being County-Court day, the REAL ESTATE described in said deed being described in said deed as "all that certain tract of land, with all improvements thereon, lying and being in the county of Cumberland, Sixte of Virginia, and at the Courthouse, and bounded on the southwest by Stony-Point road, and on the north by Buckingoam road, containing 150 acres, more of less, with all the improvements thereon."

TERMS: Cash as to expense of sale and to pay off \$1.000, with interest thereon from March 19, 1885, and costs of suit (\$50.01), and the residue as will be amounced at sale or better terms may be amounced at sale or better terms may be amounced at sale by consent of all parties interested.

L. BROWN, Trustee.

J. TROMISON BROWN & Co., Auctioneers, au 29 Sep5.12.19 26 MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1886,

A DESIRABLE FARM AT BEAVER DAM, HANOVER COUNTY, FOR SALE.

We will sell at public auction, at Beaver Dam Station, o

SEPTEMBER 10, 1886, at 1:15 P. M., a certain TRACT OF LAND at 1:15 P. M., a certain TRAUT OF LAND
lying in Hanover county on the north side
of the Chesapeake and Ohio railway at a
near Esaver-bam Lepot, belonging to J. T.
Johnson, and adjoining the lands of G. M.
Hall, William Phillips Mrs. A. L. Youmans,
and William D. Terrell, containing 150
ACRES.
TRAUS: Cash enough to pay a note of
\$559 and one of \$70 and expenses of sac;
may be changed on day of saic.

PAGE & CARTER.
Agents for J. T. Johnson, Richmond, Va.
au29-bu.Tu&Thtos

TRUSTEES' SALE BY AUCTION

MOST DESIRABLE AND COMMODIOUS
THREE-STORY BRICK RESIDENCE
ON THE
SOUTH SIDE OF GRACE STREET (No. 707),
BETWEEN
PINE AND LAUREL STREETS.

Bickers and Anna his wife, Herbert J. Ayor, and lilanche Aylor, Plaintiffs, vs. John
I. Tinsley, in his own right and as Administrator of J. P. Aylor, deceased Susan M.
Insley, wife of said John J. Tinsley, and B.
J. W. Ford. Defendants.

[Extract from the Decree.]

"The Court doth adjudge, order, and decree that it be referred to a commissioner of
this court to state and report the following
accounts: First, an account of the liens
upon the estate of J. P. Aylor, deceased, and
their order as to priority; second, an ac-By virtue of a certain deed of trust dated February 2, 1884, and duly recorded in the Chancery Court of the city of Richmond in Peed-Book 125 B, page 418, we, the trustees therein named, will because of default in the payment of one of the notes thereby secured, and at the request of the holder of said note, sell by public auction, on the premises, on upon the estate of J. P. Aylor, deceased, and their order as to priority; second, an account of the personal estate of said John P. Aylor, which came to the hands of his administrator, or for which he is personally chargeable; and, third, an account of the real estate owned by said J. P. Aylor at the time of his death, which is subject to his debts, with any other pertinent matter." TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1886. OFFICE OF KEMPER & MCMULLAN,) OFFICE OF KEMPER & MCMULIAN, AT MADISON COURTHOUSE, VA...
All persons interested in the foregoing proceedings will take notice that I have appointed the 13TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1886, as the time, and the office of Kemper & McMulian, at Mindison Courthouse, Va., as the place to execute the decree, of which the foregoing is an extract, whon and where said parties are required to attend, with the evidence needed by me, to state said accounts.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1886, at 5 o'clock P. M., that LOT OF LAND WITH THE IMPROVEMENTS THEREON above referred to. The lot fronts 30 feet and runs back within parallel lines 150 feet to a 20-feet paved alley. The dwelling is most autstantially built; is in thorough repair; contains about sixteen rooms, with all modern improvements, including a furnace of the best make, and was designed and built with special reference to convenience in housekeeping.

The property will be sold subject to a ground-rent of \$135 per annum, which can be liquidated by the payment of \$2,250 on or after January 1, 1888.

TERMS: By consent, one third of the purchase-money in cash, and the briside as follows: \$3.000 on the 2d day of February, 1887, and the baiance tweive months after date of sale, with interest added and secured by a deed of trust—the property to be kept insured until the purchase-money is ruly paid.

JOHN DUNLOP, Trustees.

MATCH MACHINERY FOR SALE.

A complete Plant of Machinery. In perfect condition, for manufacturing Partor and Card Matches, including a Cleveland Box-Machine, making five sizes of boxes. Also, a Sturtevant Blower and Heater, that will deliver 5.000 cubic feet of air per minute. Capacity of the Parior and Card Machinery, 250 gross each per day; the Cleveland Box-Machine making 27 boxes per minute. The above machinery, with information enabling party to at once commence the manufacture of a superior quality of Matches, is offered at a low figure by LEEDS, ROBINSON & CO., 75 North street, Boston, Mass.

au 6-codim TRUSTEE'S SALE OF DESIRABLE RUSTEE'S SALE OF DESIRABLE
STOCK OF GEDCERIES. &c., AT
AUCTION, AT NO.715 NORTH TWENTYTHIRD STREET.—By virtue of a deed of
trust from Charles J. B. Hare to the undersigned trustee, dated August 17, 1886, and
duly recorded in the clerk's office of the
Chancery Court of the city of Richmond,
Va., said deed naving been made to secure
certain debts to parties therein named, and
being required under said deed of trust, I
shall proceed to sell at public auction,

at 10:30 A. M.

the entire stock of GOODS, STORE-FIX-TURES, WAGON and HARNESS, &c., together with the choses in action due the said Charles J. B. Hare. Persons not wishing their bills to be soid will come forward and arrange them before day of sale.

Thems: Cash. M. B. JONES Trustee.

JAMES MACDOUGALL, Salesman. 90 2